THE WANDERER.

He came into town as the sun went down,
  An old man bent and gray,
And he plodded along with a weary pace
  And watched the children at play,
And his wan face lighted up with a smile,
  As he chuckled low in his glee,
As the urchins sailed their shingle boats
  On a muddy miniature sea.

"And what are you playing, my lad?" he said
  To the eldest of the group.
"We're sailing ships," replied the lad,
  As he launched a tiny sloop.
"When we get big we're going to go
  A long, long journey away,
And travel around the big round earth,
  And see all the world some day."

"Alas! my lad," the old man said,
  "Once I was young like you,
And longed to see this great, wide world,
  As you boys wish to do;
And when a man I wandered away
  O'er many a land and sea,
But wherever I went I could not find
  The place that suited me.

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west
  And yet, wherever I go,
I think of my home in that country town
  And my friends of long ago,
And wish myself at the old fireside,
  Upon my mother's knee,
As when a boy I used to dream
  Those dreams of the sounding sea."

The old man brushed a tear from his eye,
  And arose and went his way;
The children watched him fade from sight,
  And turned again to play;
And the sun shone down on that country town,
  And lighted the tall church spire,
While the western cloud-land hovered o'er
  Like a sea of crimson fire.

You may wander east, you may wander west,
  Till time and eternity meet,
O'er many a land, o'er many a sea,
  You may plod with weary feet,
But whatever the clime, wherever the place,
  Whichever the sea you roam,
You still will long for the old fireside,
  And father and mother and home.

—Charles M. Crayton, in Inter Ocean.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"But de worl', chile, am mouty cold to de frien'less," the old servant urged.

"I know that," I replied; "but at the most it can do no more than allow me to die, an' I had as well be dead as to live as I have."

"'Speeks dat's nigh de truf," Aunt Mary admitted.

"It is the truth," said I. "Death would be preferable to such an existence, and I am not sorry to get away from it. I regret to go, because I have a liking for the old home, and it is hard. Aunt Mary, to leave my father like this. If I could only go away with some tender remembrance of him—if I had but one word of love from his lips, one expression of sympathy, even, I could go a thousand times more cheerfully, and remembering that I could, bear up under the crosses that will come to me and feel contented to struggle and suffer. But as it is I go without one fond memory of him—without a word or a look to cheer me."

"Yes, yes, honey, I un'erstan's all dat. Yo' ain' got much what is pleasant to 'member, sho', an' I 'specks when yo' looks back ober yo' life yo' won't fin' much what's cheerin'. But, honey, dar is a frien' who'll be true to yo' an' who's done said a mouty lot ob t'ings what is cheerin' to dem as is a sorrowin'. Dat frien', honey, is Marse Jesus, an' de t'ings what He's done said fer de joy ob de po' sinners on dis yeath am wrote down in de good book. Yo' 'member, chile, dat Marse Jesus am yo' frien', an' when yo' feel lonesome an' down-hearted yo' jis' read de lubin' words what He's done put down in de Bible. Dar's joy fer de sad in dem words, an' readin' ob 'em takes all de pain away f'om de achin' heart."

I confess that at the time the old colored woman's words regarding the Bible did not have the effect on me that they ought to have had. I knew very little about that book and about Christ, but I knew that my stepmother read the Bible a great deal and made great pretentions to religion, and I felt that neither had done her any particular good, and unless they had a very different effect on me I did not see that I would find much good in them. Long years after, however, I came to understand that many professed followers of Christ were so far behind that they had lost the way and were not following Him at all, and I'm sure my stepmother was one of that number. The time came, too, in which I recalled Aunt Mary's words, finding consolation in them and in the suggestions they contained.

"Now, honey," continued the old servant, after a long pause, "if yo's sot on goin' away, an' will go right off, I 'specks de bes' ting yo' kin do is to try

"MARSE JESUS AM YOUR FRIEND."

to fin' some of yo' mudder's people, 'c'ase dey's mo' like to be kin' to yo' dan any odder folks is."

"I thought my mother had no relations," I exclaimed, eagerly.

"She ain' got none dat's bery nigh, I reckon, ca'se she ain't got no brudders an' sisters, an' her fadder an' mudder's done dead. Yit I've heerd 'er talk 'bout a cousin dat libed a right smart piece f'm yere, an' if she ain' dead I speck yo' mout fin' her."

I grasped readily at the idea of finding one who was related to my mother, and obtaining all the information I could regarding the cousin, her name, place of residence, and so on, I resolved forthwith to go in quest of her, feeling confident that though the relationship was distant she would gladly and kindly receive me.

I took an affectionate leave of my old colored friend and began the long, weary tramp of thirty miles that lay before me. I knew not how I should accomplish the journey nor what the end would be, neither did I stop to consider. I had never been accustomed to think and act for myself, and now I was as incapable as a child in the matter of reasoning and planning out the future. I did not recall the fact that many years had elapsed since Aunt Mary had heard my cousin spoken of, and that in all probability she had either died or moved away in the meantime, and that in the end I should find my journey fruitless.

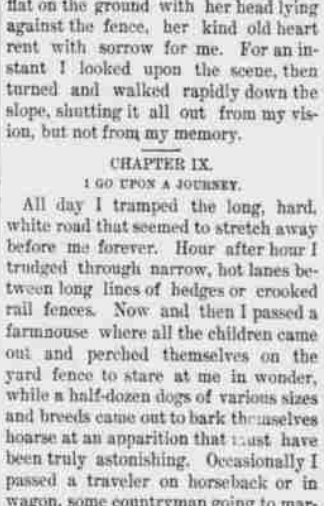
I stopped on a distant rise, and, turning my eyes back, looked for the last time on my old home. I saw my little sister at play in the yard, and my father, who just then came from the house, stooped to kiss her, then passed out and down the road in the opposite direction from me. I saw Aunt Mary in the same place I had left her, sitting flat on the ground with her head lying against the fence, her kind old heart rent with sorrow for me. For an instant I looked upon the scene, then turned and walked rapidly down the slope, shutting it all out from my vision, but not from my memory.

CHAPTER IX.

I GO UPON A JOURNEY.

All day I tramped the long, hard, white road that seemed to stretch away before me forever. Hour after hour I trudged through narrow, hot lanes between long lines of hedges or crooked rail fences. Now and then I passed a farmhouse where all the children came out and perched themselves on the yard fence to stare at me in wonder, while a half-dozen dogs of various sizes and breeds came out to bark themselves hoarse at an apparition that must have been truly astonishing. Occasionally I passed a traveler on horseback or in wagon, some countryman going to market, and he gazed at me as he passed as though I was quite an uncommon creature, turning his head to look back after he had got by, until I had fears for the safety of his neck. Two or three times I stopped in shady places to rest, and several times I had asked at farmhouses for a drink of water, but all day I ate nothing, for I had no money to buy food and I could not beg.

The sun was just sinking below the far western horizon when I came to the top of a long, steep hill, and saw spread out before me a wide reach of level prairie across which the white road wound like a narrow belt of ribbon. I could see for miles ahead and on either side of me, and nowhere was there a sign of habitation. All about me, as far as I could see, there lay only wild, un-



"SO YOU WON'T RIDE WITH ME, EH?"

broken plain, with here and there in the distance a small herd of grazing cattle. The solitude of my surroundings, and the near approach of night, filled me with a dread and a feeling of loneliness that I could not shake off, and for the first time that day I felt how utterly alone in the world I was. Night was coming on and there was no prospect of shelter, and the thought of spending the long dark hours alone on the open prairie was distressing beyond measure. I was hungry, too, and weak, and, exert myself as I would, I knew I could travel little farther that night and that I could not tramp the distance that lay between me and the nearest house.

Thoroughly disheartened I sat down by the wayside, wishing with all my soul that I could go to sleep there and never awake again. My mind was too much confused to admit of any sensible reasoning and though I attempted to decide what was best to do I could reach no intelligent conclusion. So I sat there while the darkness deepened around me, and, recalling all the long bitter past, afflicted myself with the old pains that had racked my heart so often. I thought of my father, now so far away, and I wondered if he wouldn't feel a little touch of pity for me could he see me and understand the desolation of my soul.

It had become quite late while I sat there, and the darkness had increased until I could distinguish objects but a few yards away. My mind had drifted back to the present and I was wondering in a confused, uncertain manner, whether I had better lie down and try to sleep the night out or whether I had better drag my weary limbs a little farther on toward my destination. I was still pondering, and undecided, when I was arrested by the rumble of a wagon, which I discovered was approaching from the direction I had come. I sprang to my feet and waited in hopeful anticipation, feeling sure that whoever the driver might be he could not, seeing my distress, do less than take me safely to a place of shelter.

After the lapse of two or three minutes the wagon came into view and I saw that its only occupant was a man. I knew nothing of the world, nothing of humanity, as I have said, so I did not have that distrust of strangers which my sex acquires from experience. I had no thought of the man offering me violence, and did not hesitate to call to him when he drew up where I stood.

"What you want?" he demanded, reining in his horses and glancing around.

"I want to ride in your wagon to a shelter for the night," I replied, "if you will be so kind as to let me."

He looked very hard at me for quite a little while, and some way I did not altogether like his manner. I felt that there was something of familiarity in it.

"So you want to ride with me, eh?" he questioned, and at the same time gave vent to a low chuckle. "I'd like mighty well to accommodate you, but I've got a wife at home and I guess she wouldn't much fancy the idea of me hauling other women around with me. She's awful jealous, she is."

Having said so much he broke into a loud laugh which grated harshly on my nerves and which had the effect of frightening me most thoroughly. I felt almost sorry for having called to the man, and if my situation had not been so desperate I should certainly have fled from him even then.

"That's one o' my little jokes," he said, letting his laugh cease. "I ain't got no wife, nor nobody else to interfere with my privileges, so I do as I please and don't keer what nobody says. If you want to ride with me you can, and welcome, so hop up."

"Will you take me to some place where I can find shelter and food?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"Sartin I will," he answered, with a queer grin. "I'll take you to my house whar thar's plenty to eat, and drink, too, and whar thar's plenty o' shelter an' nobody to occupy it but me an' you. That's good enough, I reckon, so climb in an' le's be trav'lin'."

He extended his hand for the purpose of helping me in the wagon, but I shrank away from him and bade him leave me alone. He looked at me for a moment with evident surprise, then exclaimed:

"Ho, ain't my offer good enough? I offered you all you asked for, and I'd like to know what more you want?"

"I want you to go away and leave me," I cried.

"What? Ain't you goin' to ride with me?" he asked.

"No, I am not."

In an instant he had sprung to the ground, and before I could divine his intentions he had his arms clasped about me. I struggled and screamed, but in spite of all I could do he held me fast.

"So you won't ride with me, eh?" he said, hoarsely. "And after askin' me if you could, too. We'll see about that, I guess. You've got to do it now, if I have to put you in the wagon by force and hold you there when you are in."

I caught a whiff of the man's breath and I knew that he was intoxicated. I comprehended then the danger that environed me, and my soul sank with a sickening fear. I was entirely in the power of the wretch, and I understood very well that he would not hesitate to deal with me as his fiendish nature might suggest. I continued to struggle for my freedom, but it was useless. I sent up scream after scream, but I had no hope of anyone hearing me.

The man dragged me to the wagon and attempted to lift me in, but I grasped the spokes of the wheel and held on with superhuman strength, refusing to be torn away. For a long time the terrible struggle continued and I felt my strength failing me, and I realized that in a little while I must give up the contest.

Then I heard a horse galloping across the prairie. A ray of hope sprang up in my heart and I took a firmer hold on the wagon and waited. The horse stopped near us and I heard some one dismount. Then I heard a voice say:

"What does this mean?"

"Save me, save me," I cried. "Save me from this wretch."

I was aware that the newcomer struck my persecutor a blow which sent him sprawling to the earth, but I was conscious of nothing else for some time, for I had swooned.

When I recovered my faculties I was lying on the grass and a kindly looking young man was kneeling by me engaged in chafing my hands. I looked up into the young man's face and examined his features minutely, and I had no fear of him. I read true nobility in every lineament, and I knew I could trust him implicitly. He was the first to speak, and his voice was so soft and gentle that it sent a thrill of pleasure through me to hear it.

"Are you better now?" he asked.

"Yes, much better," I replied. "Is he gone?"

"That man? Yes, you need have no fear of him now."

"How can I thank you for what you have done for me?" I said, after a short pause.

"I do not want any thanks," he replied, "but I will be only too happy to render you any other service I can."

I made no reply aside from murmuring my thanks, and for a minute or so we remained silent, he in the meantime keeping his eyes fixed inquiringly on me. I suppose he was at a loss to account for my being there in the plight he found me, yet was too delicate to question me. At last, seeing that I was not inclined to speak, he said:

"I am ready to serve you as you may direct. Don't hesitate to express any wish you have in mind."

"I only want to be conducted to some place to spend the night," I answered. "I am a stranger here, and I know no one."

"My home," he replied, "is a couple of miles distant, and if you can reach it you will be welcomed by my parents and whatever there is in the house will be at your command. But you cannot walk. You haven't the strength for that."

"I cannot, indeed," said I. "I have walked a long way since morning, and when I reached this spot my strength was all gone."

"I see," he mused, seemingly buried in thought. Then, after a pause: "If you wouldn't mind, you might ride with me. My horse will carry double, but a lady cannot ride him alone."

"I do not mind," I answered.

He arose and brought the horse, and, mounting into the saddle, lifted me up behind him. We went slowly across the prairie, talking very little, my companion asking no questions and I volunteering only such scraps of information as I thought necessary to establish my character and in some degree account for my strange situation.

Finally we reached our destination, and, stopping in front of a great, rambling old farmhouse, my companion dismounted, and, lifting me gently to the ground, conducted me indoors and confided me to the care of a motherly-looking old lady, who, though greatly surprised at my appearance, received me with the greatest kindness, asking no questions and making no comments.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEGROES ON SAFETY VALVES.

A Reminiscence of the Mississippi River Before the War.

In talking about old times on the Mississippi river, a Cincinnati man lately said to a Detroit Free Press reporter:

"Before the war I used to run on the Mississippi river, and you may depend times were red-hot in those days. The stories that you hear about the exciting occurrences that were daily happening on the big passenger boats in ante-bellum days are not the least exaggerated. On the contrary, I have seen livelier times there than I have ever read and heard about. Gambling! W-h-e-w! Well, I should rather say so, and to tell the truth I was right in it myself. I have sat in poker games day after day and night after night where bowie-knives and seven-shooters were to be seen on every side and where negro slaves were the stakes. I am no slouch of a card player, and have fingered the pasteboards with the cream of the profession, and yet when I recall some of those old times it makes the shivers run up and down my spinal column.

"Passengers on the river boats in the days referred to lived high, I assure you, and such a thing as having water on the table for drinking purposes was unheard of. Wine and whisky flowed freely, and it was a mark of great effeminacy to be seen drinking Adam's ale. To give you something of an idea how they used to do in the '50s I will relate an incident that I witnessed on the steamer Monarch in '56. A passenger walked up to the clerk's desk one morning, threw down a twenty dollar bill and said; 'Take what I owe you out of this.'

"The clerk—and all such function aries were important feeling fellows aboard a Mississppi river steamboat—glared at the bill and then threw it back with the remark: 'That's bad.' 'It can't be,' replied the passenger, 'I just drew it out of a bank.' One word drew on another until finally the clerk called the passenger a liar. Quick as a flash the passenger drew a gun and fired, shooting the clerk through the head, killing him instantly. The boat's crew seized the passenger, tied him to a chair and threw him overboard, and, sir, do you know, not a man playing poker in the cabin at the time left his chair through the entire scene. Such a trivial occurrence as two human beings losing their lives was not deemed of sufficient interest or importance to warrant the gamblers stopping their game.

"Steamboat races? Well, I guess so. Time and time again I have seen hams and barrels of pork thrown into the furnaces during a steamboat race, and while the passengers on both boats were standing on the brink of eternity, you might say, the boats shivering and groaning under the awful strain like a couple of suffering animals, the gamblers would stand calmly by and lay wagers as to which boat would win the race, or as to the likelihood of one or both of them blowing up."

The Yankee Remained.

An American was recently in the dining-room of a hotel in Berlin, and, observing that two young officers who entered after him were served before him, he expostulated with the waiter very sharply, and was interrupted by one of the officers as if the remarks were intended for him. "I have not addressed myself to you," said the American, in fluent German, "and I will thank you not to interfere." The young officer haughtily demanded an apology, and the American promptly knocked him down. There was instantly general confusion, and the host hurried into the room, begging the American to leave, on the plea that such an insult to an army officer would ruin his house. The American explained and the host acknowledged the justice of the explanation, but still begged him to leave. "Certainly," said the American, "if you wish. But I give you fair notice that I shall publish a statement of the facts in every important newspaper in the United States, warning all Americans to avoid your house if they do not wish to be insulted." The host ruefully begged him then to remain and, wringing his hands, departed.—Harper's Weekly.

Jewish Colonies in Argentine.

In a recent interview Baron de Hirsch spoke of the new Jewish colonies in the Argentine Republic. He said he had sent 6,000 Jews there and had negotiated for the purchase of 7,000,000 acres of land, but the government would grant only 5,000,000, as it did not wish too many aliens to settle in a body. There are now three Jewish colonies in the province of Buenos Ayres—one with 80,000 acres, one with 40,000 and one with 20,000. The Jewish Colonization society expects to send from 15,000 to 20,000 people there this year. He says that when the newcomers reached Argentine it could easily be seen that they knew nothing of agriculture, "but by the gift of assimilation, which is the peculiarity of our race, they quickly became accustomed to their new profession, and to-day they are as hard-working and capable farmers as emigrants belonging to any other religion."

THE glazier is not necessarily a tiresome man because he "gives you a pane."—Golden Days.

UNLAWFUL AMBITION.

An Example Worthy Every Young American's Emulation.

Gen. U. S. Grant tells us in his autobiography:

"I never dared seek promotion. I was afraid if I sought it I might get into positions whose responsibilities I could not fill. I preferred to take promotion as it came to me, providentially."

An utterance characteristic of "the hammer of the north" and worthy of highest consideration. There is an ambition which is laudable, the spur of men's best work, the voice which bids us arise and fulfill our appointed mission. It has called such men as Grant from the tan-yard and Lincoln from his law-office. And its call was only the re-echo of that supreme cry, the demand of the sovereign democracy, that these men should guide the ship of state through every tempestuous sea, until she rode once more in the haven of peace and freedom. They came, they saw, they conquered.

And when they had obeyed the voice which bade them issue from the ranks of our commonwealth, their work being ended, one sank into his grave as a martyr for the public weal, the other remained behind, in unstudied and simple dignity and greatness, to give the testimony quoted above.

Our great republic offers to every young man within its bounds an even chance. She affords less excuse for "byways and back alleys" to fame, or, rather, notoriety, than any other government upon the face of the earth.

Here is the avenue, clearly marked out. Come forward, competitors, with noble ideals, high purposes and patient energy for their accomplishment! Then is the result so certain that a man who can not succeed in public life here may console himself he would have done infinitely worse anywhere else.

But should it not be clearly understood that there must be no abuse of those inestimable privileges? And, we are afraid, if understood, it is not always acted upon.

America needs men who will do something for their country, not those who with unlawful ambition eternally seek for their country to do something for them; and in the end, the man who does not fling away that lust of power which bids him grasp his own, and not the public good, will be left a stranded wreck by the flood-tide of popular judgment.

So has it been in numberless instances in the past. A brilliant career has gone out into confusion and darkness; and when the query was made: Why is this? the answer was: He failed because he sought the office, and the office sought not him.

The words of Grant are indeed a direction toward truest success, which our young citizens should keenly notice and inwardly digest.—N. Y. Ledger.

COMEDY ON THE RAIL.

An Old Gentleman and a Young Woman the Only Actors.

A girl about eighteen years old sat next the window in the rear cross seat of an elevated railroad car the other day. In spite of the steaming weather she looked cool and fresh in her white India muslin frock, and her large, blue eyes looked out innocently upon a hot and profane generation. Upon her head she wore a big, wavy hat of white Leghorn straw, around the crown of which was a garland of great flaming poppies, which dangled loosely from their rubber stems.

The car was an old one, and there was no little fence to separate the person sitting where she did from the person sitting in the side seat next to the cross section. The girl sat well into the corner, and behind her, in the last side seat, sat an old gentleman who had taken off his hat, and whose large bald spot was turned toward the girl.

Neither dreamed of interfering with the other, but the motion of the train set the poppies on the girl's hat nodding, and they tickled the old gentleman on his bald spot. He was reading his newspapers, and made an absent-minded pass and the imaginary fly, with the result of giving the big hat a smart slap. The girl half looked around to see who was jostling her, but the old gentleman did not notice her. She settled back in her seat again, and again her poppies scratched the gleaming spheroid behind her.

Again the man slapped at the fly with much energy this time, and either his hand or his shoulder touched the girl's shoulder. She was startled and looked ready to run away, but there were no empty seats near by, and she hesitated. The old gentleman, on his part, turned around and regarded her with a look of momentary suspicion which changed to puzzled surprise.

By this time several persons sitting near the unconscious combatants were indulging in broad grins, which did not add to the peace of mind either of man or girl. But they gradually resumed their former attitudes, and again the poppies dangled against the skull of the unhappy old gentleman, who turned around sharply, when the trailing flower brushed against his nose. With a look of mingled disgust and relief—because he understood at last—he turned his bald spot toward the window, while his neighbors smiled at the close of the comedy and the girl continued to look out of her big blue eyes at a world wherein was much that she didn't know about.—N. Y. Times.

How to Conciliate an Editor.

"You look awful blue. What is the matter with you?"

"That editor has sent back my last batch of poems. I wish I knew how to get his good will."

"That's easy enough done."

"How am I to do it, to put him in good humor?"

"Don't send him any more of your poetry."—Texas Siftings.

Had Taken It.

Railway King—What do you think I need, doctor, to set me up again?

Doctor—Well, I think a little iron will help you.

Railway King—Good. I gobbled up a whole railroad system last week.—Truth.